STAR WARS
REBELLION

"SANCTUARY: DIES IRAE"

by

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"Sanctuary: Dies Irae"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DANTOOINE

A Corellian Corvette approaches from the green-lavender planet of Dantooine towards the ISD *Atonement*.

CORVETTE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Star Destroyer *Atonement*, this is the Corvette *Olo Blba*. General Madine requests to begin docking procedures. Is your hangar clear?

STAR DESTROYER OFFICER (V.O.)
Roger that, *Olo Blba*. Cut your sublights on my mark. We'll tractor beam you in. Mark.

The Corellian Corvette, rear sublight engines fading out, rotates as the Star Destroyer's tractor beam takes over.

EXT. DANTOOINE – SAVANNAS – DAY – ON BRE AND ENDIGO

hovering across the savanna in a camouflaged SoroSuub XP38A speeder, the cover-bubble down to feel the breeze. A long line of bluish-purple grass marks their passage, slowly disappearing as the foliage bends back on itself. Bre has he goggles on tight, hair blowing in the wind, smiling at something just said.

BRE
You were <u>not</u>.

ENDIGO
No fooling, kid.

BRE
A farmer.

ENDIGO
Yup. Place almost just like Dantooine here.

A river appears up ahead, the grass slowly giving away to silt flats. Dantarian fishermen watch the speeder as it comes to a stop, easing down on its repulsor cushion. Endigo waves at them as he jumps out of the SoroSuub.

BRE
Bad move.

ENDIGO
They're harmless.

BRE
No, I mean, like, opening up or whatever. You work so hard developing this mystery merc thing and then this?

ENDIGO
Just talking.

BRE
All the going for 'scary.'

ENDIGO
I was a scary farmer. Kinda hard, but you can do it.

BRE
So then the Vader thing, huh?

ENDIGO
Yeah.

They walk over to the river. The water is barely moving. Bre sits on a rock and hugs her knees, squinting up at Endigo because of the sun.

BRE
How’d that happen?

ENDIGO
One day. One day this COMPNOR guy comes to the farm--
(noticing Bre doesn’t know the name)
COMPNOR. The ‘Commission for the Preservation of the New Order.’

BRE
ISB guys?

ENDIGO
No, the Bureau works for COMPNOR. Anyway, this guy is here and explaining, you know, recent annexation protocols passed by the Senate or whatever. Turns out my family’s farm has back taxes we didn’t know about and it’s time to pay up. I’m a kid, you know, big mouth. Like you.

Bre frowns.

ENDIGO (CONT’D)
So I tell the guy we don’t owe him anything. And he just agrees with me. Punches something into a datapad, goes to another farm, over the hill. The next season a different tax collector comes and I do the same thing, this time no sweat, didn’t even have to get mad. Becomes a regular thing. My family starts to think it’s funny.

Endigo laughs.

BRE
What?

ENDIGO
I tried it on my dad once. Hard day, didn’t wanna lift any more boxes, you know, on this cargo hauler or whatever. Dad comes over and tells me get back to work. And I tell him my portion’s done.

(trying to match the tone he used)
'The farmhands can handle the rest.'
He just stares at me and sets his jaw.
Like this--

BRE
Don't bother. Seen you do it.

ENDIGO
Anyway, that's the day I found out it didn't work on just anyone.

BRE
Try it on me.

ENDIGO
No.

BRE
Come on.

ENDIGO
I'm serious. No.

BRE
I bet you can't.

Endigo looks away.

ENDIGO
I bet I can.

BRE
I bet you can.
(beat)
Damn!

ENDIGO
You're young, that's all.

BRE
Whatever.

ENDIGO
What, are you mad or something? You asked me to--

BRE
Shut up. Anyway, tax collector hocus pocus.

ENDIGO
All right. Two years later an Imperial transport comes up to the ranch. An edict or something demanding that my family hand me over. My dad and my brothers go for their blasters but then I see the stormtroopers. So I tell them I'll be fine, don't worry. Actually kind of liked it.

BRE
All scary.

ENDIGO
There you go. So from there it's to a Shuttle in the big city. I go off-planet for the first time. To Imperial Center.

BRE
Coruscant?

ENDIGO
Yeah. They take me to this huge palace. I have some meetings with these advisor types. Seems like my little mind tricks have shown up on the COMPNOR network. Then I meet Darth Vader.
(beat)
End of story.

BRE
No it's not.

ENDIGO
Yes it is.

BRE
Yes it is.
(furious)
Cut it out!

ENDIGO
Fine. Short version. Then don't ask again. I learn to use the Force from Vader. Well, I'd guess you'd say I really just learned to use the Dark Side.

BRE
Ooh! The Dark Side. Now that's pretty--

Bre stops when Endigo looks over, dead serious. She shivers, frowning apologetically.

ENDIGO
I start not liking it anymore. At all. Vader 'discourages' me from leaving. That's how the hand. I keep it up, and that's the eye. He tells me it's pointless to resist. So whatever's left in me from my family back home comes out and I pull his lightsaber out of his hand with my mind and... and, well, he takes it right back the same way. He proceeds to do the rest of what you see. He leaves me on the floor to 'reconsider.' All I consider is running all the way down to the lowest section of Coruscant I can find. Pass out. Wake up in a Combine lab. Mon Gallofree puts me back together and gets me to the Fringe. And so I work for him until I start not liking it anymore.

Bre looks back to the river. They both stand there awhile.

ENDIGO (CONT'D)
Getting cold.

BRE
Yeah.

They start walking back to the SoroSuub speeder. Endigo holds a hand up his transceiver ear. He nods, looks to Bre.

ENDIGO
They want us back at the Base.

BRE
What’s up?

ENDIGO
Something about pirates in the Minos Cluster.

They get in the speeder and start moving.

BRE
So where was home? Your farm.

ENDIGO
Doesn’t matter. Not there anymore.

EXT. DANTOOINE – REBEL BASE – DAY - ON COMMAND CENTER

as Rebels Troopers and Starfighter Pilots rush inside. The XP38A enters. Endigo and Bre jump out and head inside the Command Center. Nearby, a massive Dantarian is helping remove energy cells from the saddlebags of a Bantha, while another of his tribe is collecting a day’s pay from a Rebel Officer.

INT. COMMAND CENTER – BRIEFING HALL – DAY

A crowd of Rebels has gathered in the Command Center’s briefing room. Endigo and Bre enter. Hulda Caulp motions over to them. Captain Destri, Efdee, and Two-Tau enter from the other side of the hall.

COLONEL GHARON and COLONEL SEERTAY, both grizzled veterans of the Alliance’s Fleet Command, are standing on podiums over a large, circular holoprojector. A huge SpecForce officer, LOOM CARPLIN enters the room and takes up his position on another podium. Bre looks at all the new faces. Her excitement is evident.

COLONEL GHARON
Ladies and gentlemen, we have an opportunity in the Minos Cluster.

Loom Carplin hits a button, bringing up several tactical maps of the galaxy, from the Core systems to the Outer

Rim Territories to beyond. The Minos Cluster HIGHLIGHTS, far away from anything. Endigo leans over to Bre. AMBIENT SOUNDS of the briefing as he speaks to her.

ENDIGO
Those two are Colonels from Fleet Command. That guy there—
(points out Loom Carplin)
--is SpecForce. Loom Carplin.

BRE
(awed)
Of the Mantooine Liberators?

ENDIGO
Yeah. A rebel before there was a Rebel Alliance. Knows his stuff.

Bre nods, impressed.

LOOM CARPLIN
Mr. Endigo, are you with us?

ENDIGO
Yes.

LOOM CARPLIN
Good, because this concerns you.

DESTRI
Colonel Gharon, I'm sorry to ask, but why do we care what happens in the Minos Cluster? It's off the charts. We have no Rebel cells active there. Even the Empire doesn't bother with it.

COLONEL GHARON
You're right, Captain Destri. The Cluster is still working on its first colonies--

COLONEL SEERTAY
(interrupting)
--without the patronage of the Imperial Senate or any other major political or industrial body. Right now it's a backwater haven for smugglers, pirates,

and outlaws.

LOOM CARPLIN
Don't get the Colonel wrong, Captain. We're not looking to recruit anyone from there. It's too far to bother with.

DESTRI
However.

COLONEL GHARON
Exactly. A few dissidents of the Outer Rim have bothered to flee into the Minos Cluster. And the Empire finds these dissidents worth chasing after.

LOOM CARPLIN
(pressing another button)
The Star Destroyer *Adjudicator*.

A RED BLIP appears in the holographic display of the Minos Cluster.

LOOM CARPLIN (CONT'D)
Now this is an estimation of where the ISD *Adjudicator* is currently, as we have no real idea. Intel lost its exact position some time ago, somewhere near the Minos Cluster. That's how far away she is. She's fallen off the charts--way, way out of reach.

COLONEL SEERTAY
And this works both ways. The *Adjudicator*'s also out of reach with the rest of the Empire.

ENDIGO
You want us to take out a Star Destroyer?

HULDA CAULP
I second Mr. Endigo's utter disbelief.

LOOM CARPLIN

Do we want you to kill it? No. Do we want you to disable it? Yes.

ENDIGO
Okay. All right. That's different.

DESTRI
What's so special about the *Adjudicator*?

COLONEL SEERTAY
Nothing at all, Captain. What is special is another system entirely.

The hologram of the Minos Cluster disappears, replaced with the Bissillirus System.

LOOM CARPLIN
Bissillirus System, everyone, Trax Sector, back in the center of the action. Something very bad is happening at Bissillirus, but I won't get into that now. What I will tell you is that Intel reports that the Emperor has mustered nearly half of the Imperial Starfleet to move into the system. We are still gathering details about their operation.

ENDIGO
(disgusted)
This is crazy.

DESTRI
What?

ENDIGO
(turning to leave)
He'll say in a second.

COLONEL GHARON
Where are you going, Mr. Endigo?

ENDIGO
Find someone else to be expendable, Colonel. You're not getting my crew for this.

LOOM CARPLIN
You are paid to be expendable, sir.

Endigo stops. He turns around, infuriated. He starts to say something, but Bre shakes her head.

BRE
Don't, Shen.

LOOM CARPLIN (CONT'D)
Very highly paid, I might add. Look around the room. Everyone but you and your crew are doing this for free. I don't see any one of them leaving the hall.

ENDIGO
Maybe they can't. I can.

LOOM CARPLIN
Go then.

Beat.

BRE
Wow, the big stare down. Remind us who won after the rest of the briefing. Colonel?

COLONEL SEERTAY
(sighing)
The *Adjudicator* must be disabled completely. Knocking out her hyperdrives and communications array should be enough. Making sure no one could leave the destroyer would be even better, but that seems unlikely. While its fighters do not have hyperspace capability, they might be able to reach one of the Minos colonies and get a ship back into subspace radio range.

Endigo slowly moves back to stand alongside Bre. He and take his eyes of Loom Carplin, who returns the favor.

Colonel Seertay, now really irritated, turns off the holoprojector to break the tension.

COLONEL GHARON
Once we have the *Adjudicator* disabled, a SpecForce team, led by Commander Loom Carplin here, will enter the Star Destroyer's main computer and retrieve her transponder signature.

HULDA CAULP
(catching on)
And beam it to ours....

COLONEL GHARON
Yes. Then the *Atonement*, with the new transponder signature installed, will join the Imperial Starfleet operation at the Bissillirius System.

DESTRI
Right under their noses. Endigo is right. You <u>are</u> crazy.

Admiral Mede materializes above the holoprojector. He surveys his crewmates with displeasure.

MEDE
Captain Destri, I will not have <u>any</u> of my officers show this kind of disrespect. We are doing this mission, people, and we are doing it now. Get onboard the *Atonement* immediately. Mr. Endigo, if you decide to join us, meet me in my quarters as soon as you arrive. Mede out.

Mede disappears. Loom Carplin leaves his podium and goes to confer with the two Colonels. Endigo keeps staring at him, fuming still. Bre touches Endigo's metal arm, then realizes he can't feel it.

BRE
Hey.

Endigo exits. Destri puts her hand on Bre's shoulder.

DESTRI

Let’s get back to the *Atonement*, Chori.

HULDA CAULP
It’ll be all right, Bre. Shen’s just, I don’t know.

DESTRI
He’s just right, Hulda. He’s right.

EXT. SPACE – BISSILLIRUS SYSTEM – ABOVE DRAENELL’S POINT

PAN ACROSS SPACE with a massive Imperial Dreadnaught to the orbit of Draenell’s Point, a yellowish planet. The Dreadnaught heads toward the planet’s only moon, Unillian, where others of its kind await. From its open side bay an Imperial Shutlle and two TIE Fighter escorts emerge, flying towards the Moonbase of Unillian, which starts as a spread of lights beyond the feeble, gray-laced atmosphere to become an industrial spiral of fortified towers and domes.

EXT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – SPACEPORT - NIGHT

Lit by another nearby planet, Nurstin, which is ringed with glowing fields of ice and metal, the Unillian Moonbase Spaceport looks more like the landing bay of a pleasure moon than a military installation. The Imperial Shuttle lands, its TIE escorts disengaging and flying back out of the thin field of the moon’s atmosphere.

Several Imperial Officers wearing Low-Atmosphere Breathing Masks debark an armored gravsled and take up positions in front of the Shuttle. The highest-ranking officer steps forward, MOFF PAR LANKIN: tall, well-groomed, and almost completely self-assured. He is trying his best to keep a crawling sense of anxiety from showing. The loading ramp of the Shuttle lowers, accompanied by the WHINING WHOOSH OF PRESSURIZED AIR ESCAPING the cabin and dissipating into the weak lunar atmosphere.

A dark figure descends, Lord Darth Vader, BREATHING MECHANICALLY, followed by several ISB Agents in black vacsuits. The Imperial Officers bow.

Vader scans the environment around him and presses a button on the control panel on his chest. The SOUND OF HIS BREATH

MASK changes, lowering into a RYTHMIC BASS-FILLED THRUM. Vader and the ISB Agents proceed to the armored gravsled.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
(garbled)
Lord Vader, welcome to the Bissillirus System. We were not expecting you until the Imperial Starfleet arrived.

VADER
(not stopping)
Forgive their skepticism, Moff Par Lankin, but the Security Bureau thought it wise that I arrive earlier.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
(garbled)
Skepticism, milord?

VADER
The Emperor is not pleased with your handling of the Trax Sector. He does not want to lose another system to your incompetence.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
(garbled)
Vader! I must--

VADER
Listen to me, Moff Par Lankin. I am here to evaluate your administration and, if necessary, to oversee your reeducation.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
(garbled)
Is that a threat, Lord Vader?

VADER
You learn quickly, Par Lankin. I regard that as a good sign.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DANTOOINE – ON BRE'S SHUTTLE

as it approaches the Star Destroyer *Atonement*. A TIE Bomber passes the Shuttle as it descends to the planet below.

BRE (V.O.)
Hey, Selko, what's going on?

TIE BOMBER SELKO (V.O.)
Taking General Madine back to Dantooine. He's finished his tour of the *Atonement*.

BRE (V.O.)
You're taking him back in that thing?

TIE BOMBER SELKO (V.O.)
About all we got left.

MADINE (V.O.)
Except for the present I've left you, Captain Destri.

INT. BRE'S SHUTTLE - COCKPIT

Bre and Destri look out onto the Corellian Corvette sitting in the ISD *Atonement*'s hangar bay.

DESTRI
That's how we're getting to Minos, General?

MADINE (V.O.)
The *Olo Blba* is the fastest thing we have, Captain. Take care of her.

DESTRI

Will do, General.

BRE
(whispering to Destri)
Me and Hulda'll take a look. She'll get faster.

INT. BRE'S SHUTTLE – PERSONNEL HOLD

In the back of the Shuttle, Endigo, Loom Carplin, Hulda, Skatuhl, and the other mixed Rebel forces sit strapped in the Personnel Hold as docking procedures begin.

Endigo keeps looking at Loom Carplin, who is gesturing to the other SpecForce Operatives beside him, outlining a plan.

HULDA CAULP
(to Endigo)
So, we in this or what?

ENDIGO
Would you leave if I did, Hulda?

HULDA CAULP
I'm your first mate, Shen, not Mede's. The rest of our old crew would ditch, too. You know that.

ENDIGO
What's our account like?

HULDA CAULP
We have enough to buy a junker. We never really got reimbursed for *The Long Haul*.

Endigo looks out past the open hold doors into the cockpit.

ENDIGO
No. We're in this one.

HULDA CAULP
(leaning back)

Yeah. One more. Then we could buy a Corellian *Action VI* Bulk Freighter or something. Maybe a Duros ship.

ENDIGO
(nodding towards the cockpit)
No. She is not going to pull out of this, so I don't think I--

HULDA CAULP
Bre?

ENDIGO
Yeah. She's all right. I mean, I got parts older than her, but, you know.

Hulda LAUGHS lightly, but it's enough to wake Skatuhl. The Barabel HISSES, startling Loom Carplin beside her.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS

Blast doors SWISH open. Endigo enters.

Mede is seated at his desk, staring out of the destroyer into the stars. Endigo takes a seat.

MEDE
What was that all about, Mr. Endigo?

ENDIGO
There are some things you do because they need to be done. There are others that seem like the death wish of an Admiral who thinks he needs to make up for lost time.

MEDE
So you're talented enough to read surface thoughts. Your profile failed to mention that.

ENDIGO
Because I can't.

Admiral Mede gets up and pushes a button. The red drapes along his wall fall back to reveal a well-stocked wet bar.

He pours himself and Endigo a drink. He fills the glasses half full, considers, and then pours them to the rim. He serves one to Endigo and takes a seat himself.

MEDE
Drink it, Mr. Endigo. It will help you look at this.

Mede presses another button. A double-screened monitor lifts from the center of his desk. A FLICKERING IMAGE appears on both screens, a poor transmission that soon stabilizes: an unfamiliar world, urbanized but lifeless, everything surrounded by a rust-colored vapor. Speeders are stopped in the streets, their drivers slumped over the wheels. Other bodies on the sidewalks, hanging out of windows, huddled in doorframes. The bodies are shriveled, as if struck dead by some contagion that kept on eating.

CLOSE ON ONE, an alien, vaguely humanoid, on its side, mouth wide open. The body moves slightly, rocking almost, over and over again.

ZOOM OUT to see why: the body is halfway out of a turbolift elevator, and the door keeps trying to close, hitting the body and pulling away, hitting the body and pulling away.

BACK TO ENDIGO AND MEDE, at the Admiral's desk.

MEDE (CONT'D)
This is a world in the Bissillirius System, called Chule. The virus is called *Ty-Ruben*, after the first city to become infected. It is spreading.

ENDIGO
Is the whole planet infected?

MEDE
Not yet. But no one can find a cure. Chule is under Imperial Blockade. They fear one of its inhabitants might flee offworld, letting the virus migrate.

ENDIGO
So the Emperor has found his own cure.

MEDE

The Starfleet is going to commence full planetary bombardment in twelve days. No one is to be left alive.

ENDIGO
The Townowi Incident all over again?

MEDE
On a grander scale, Mr. Endigo, only Chule has nothing to do with the Rebel Alliance. Bissillirius was about to revolt without our help. Every single world in the system, and it just might have influenced the rest of the surrounding Trax Sector. Chule is the central planet of this uprising, so naturally they were infected first.

ENDIGO
Do we know for sure that the Empire developed the virus?

MEDE
No.

ENDIGO
But we have to find out they did.

MEDE
Yes. That's our only play. Think about it. A contagion sweeps one world, the whole galaxy gets an image feed. Then the COMPNOR propaganda machine gets to work on two sides: one, the terror campaign, which has the rest of the Bissillirius system abandon Chule for fear of becoming infected as well, and two, the savior campaign, which casts the Empire as heroes in the eyes of everyone present. Grim heroes, to be sure but, with the solution so obviously unavoidable, heroes nevertheless. Viraxo is already on the Senate floor, publicly taking this resolution personally. The Bissillirus system is letting the Imperial Starfleet in without resistance.

BEHIND MEDE as his side of the monitor switches images: Commander Loom Carplin.

LOOM CARPLIN
Operation: Sanctuary to begin in two hours. We're borrowing a squadron of X-Wings from Bundim, and they'll be here then. I want our teams to go over one more briefing before we start.

MEDE
Use the meeting room in Subsection Eighteen.

LOOM CARPLIN
Is Endigo on your team or not, Admiral?

Endigo finishes his drink and nods to the Admiral.

MEDE
The Rebellion is more than happy to continue to honor its contracts with Mr. Endigo.

EXT. SPACE – BISSILLIRUS SYSTEM – ABOVE DRAENELL'S POINT

A Consulate Ship heads for the moon of Draenell's Point, Unillian. It is guarded by Imperial Dreadnaughts and *Carrack*-class Heavy Cruisers. A wing of TIE Fighters take up escort positions around the Consulate Ship.

DREADNAUGHT CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Proceed with your fighter escort to the Unillian Moonbase, Ambassador. Moff Par Lankin welcomes you to the Trax Sector.

INT. CONSULATE SHIP – COCKPIT – APPROACHING MOONBASE

Senator Antilles reaches over his pilot's shoulder to hit a button on the cockpit comlink.

SENATOR ANTILLES
I had wished to go directly to Chule, and Par Lankin knows this. We are

carrying relief supplies and medical droids aboard our vessel and--

DREADNAUGHT CAPTAIN (V.O.)
The Moff is merely looking for out the Ambassador's well-being. Chule is currently under full quarantine. Unillian Moonbase is the safest place in the Bissillirius system right now.

Antilles frowns, shakes his head, and falls back into his seat. He looks over to his protocol droid, TK-299.

SENATOR ANTILLES
Contact Organa and tell him about this delay. Maybe he can do something.

TK-299
Right away, Senator Antilles.

DREADNAUGHT CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Ambassador, Lord Vader also wishes to send along his welcome. He is presently at the Moonbase, and is eager to see you again.

The Senator and his droid look at each other, alarmed.

SENATOR ANTILLES
Captain, land as slowly as you can. Find something to blame it on. Tee-Kay, secure a channel and contact our researchers on Draenell's Point. Let them know that they may be in great danger.

TK-299
Shall I tell them to reroute their information to General Madine?

SENATOR ANTILLES
It is too dangerous for them to transmit directly to the Rebel Base. For all of us. Have them signal the emergency beacon at--

The protocol droids taps something into a command console.

TK-299
I already have a satellite relay course worked out, Senator. I am passing along the orders to Draenell’s Point now.

EXT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – SPACEPORT - NIGHT

The Senator’s Consulate Ship descends from the night sky to the Unillian Moonbase Spaceport. The rings of the planet Nurstin continue to light the scene.

The Senator emerges from his ship with his bodyguards. All are wearing Low-Atmosphere Breathing Masks. They are met by Darth Vader and several ISB Agents. Two gravsleds are in the background.

VADER
You should never have left Imperial Center, Antilles. You were safe there.

ISB AGENT ONE
The Consulate Ship is jammed, milord. They are cut off from the Core systems.

The Senator’s bodyguards raise blaster carbines, but Antilles motions for them to put their weapons away.

VADER
Senator, the transmission you sent. What was it?

SENATOR ANTILLES
(garbled)
You have no authority to ask that, Lord Vader. My communiqués enjoy the same diplomatic immunity that I--

Darth Vader raises a hand and dismisses the Senator.

VADER (CONT’D)
It is unfortunate that your medical research team on Draenell’s Point does not share an equivalent immunity. I

have already sent an ISB strike force
to shut them down permanently.

SENATOR ANTILLES
(garbled)
The Senate... they will not stand for--

VADER
(to an ISB Agent)
Take the Senator and his entourage to
detention. I will send for him later.

Vader proceeds back to one gravsled, while Antilles and his bodyguards are led to another. All exit.

PAN ACROSS to the world of Draenell's Point.

EXT. SURFACE OF DRAENELL'S POINT – ON MED LAB - NIGHT

The dome-shaped med lab and its plasticrete landspeeder lot are surrounded by a security fence.

INT. MED LAB - NIGHT

The lab is a high-tech facility: research stations, medical droids, a bacta tank array, rows of computer terminals, and monitor screens everywhere.

Scientists scramble about, working quickly, expecting the Empire to arrive at any moment.

A CYBORG AJ^6 ENGINEER appears before a vidscreen, head shaven, his brain-interface computer exposed. A cord runs from it to a computer terminal.

(NOTE: Lobot from ESB was an AJ^6 cyborg.)

AJ^6 ENGINEER
I do not know who this will reach, but
I am part of an independent research
team working on a cure for the *Ty-Ruben*
virus.

The Aj^6 turns around as if he hears something. He turns back, breaking a sweat.

AJ^6 ENGINEER (CONT'D)
(faster now)
I am transmitting from Draenell's Point, Bissillirus system, Trax Sector. We have been warned that there are several Internal Security Bureau Agents in the system.

The Aj^6 Engineer turns around again, as a FAINT SEARING SOUND comes from behind him.

AJ^6 ENGINEER (CONT'D)
They're coming to delete the research off our network, but I still have it.
(points to his brain interface)
I need to find a transport as soon as--

There is an EXPLOSION. SEVERAL BLASTER SHOTS ARE HEARD.

WHITE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - NEAR DANTOOINE

ON THE ISD *ATONEMENT*, motionless above the planet.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - BRIEFING ROOM

All Operation: Sanctuary members are present: Admiral Mede, Captain Destri, Endigo, Hulda, Bre, Two-Tau, Skatuhl, Efdee, Loom Carplin, and assorted other SpecForce Operatives, Rebel Troopers, and Starfighter Pilots.

Commander Loom Carplin is seated in the high chair above the holoprojector, overlooking a display of the Minos Cluster. He cuts the holoprojector off.

LOOM CARPLIN
Now you know what we're up against. Intel has made it clear that we might not be able to save Chule in the Bissillirus system. They estimate that the Imperial Starfleet will be there in twelve days, and it will take the *Olo Blba* seven to reach the Minos--

BRE
We've been working on her hyperdrives, sir. I think you can easily shave a day or two off--

LOOM CARPLIN
I don't deal in the theoretical, Officer Bre. With Dantooine already as remote as it is, it will take Red Team seven days to reach the Minos Cluster. Two more to come back into subspace radio range to contact the *Atonement* with the false transponder signature. Who knows how many days to actually locate the Star Destroyer *Adjudicator*, disable her, and make sure that contact can happen.
(sighing)
Now, I hate it as much as you do, but we might have to forget about Chule. It may very well get slagged from orbit if we fail to get the *Adjudicator* disabled in time. But if the virus spreads, on Imperial purpose or not, the *Atonement* will still need to infiltrate the Bissillirus system. We don't want any other world to die on our watch.

ENDIGO
Anything new on finding an antidote to the virus?

ADMIRAL MEDE
Bail Antilles of Alderaan has several independent researchers on voucher to

study the virus, but he does not have a sample of it yet.

CAPTAIN DESTRI
The Senator has personally gone to Chule to get a sample, but Imperial ISB Agents have stopped him at the edge of the system.

LOOM CARPLIN
And we have contacted other Rebel operatives within the Bissillirus system, who are 'investigating' other ways to find an antidote, from the Empire itself. So far, without success.

ENDIGO
I can reach some other unaffiliated operatives I know to help out with that as we make our way to Minos.

LOOM CARPLIN
You're not going to the Minos Cluster.

ENDIGO
What?

Admiral Mede gestures for Endigo to be patient.

LOOM CARPLIN
You and Officer Bre are to remain aboard the *Atonement* as Blue Team. Assuming we <u>do</u> get the *Adjudicator*'s signature beamed to you in, say--

BRE
You don't <u>do</u> theory, Commander Carplin.

LOOM CARPLIN
Watch your mouth, Officer Bre. Even assuming we get the transponder signature to you in, at the earliest, nine days, we couldn't possibly make it back in time to join you before you sneak into the Bissillirus system. We need you here, Shen.

ENDIGO
What are we supposed to do when we're in the system, exactly?

LOOM CARPLIN
Not my department. Madine, Antilles, and Mede will have to figure that one out. Red Team's job is just to get you in. Perhaps the *Atonement* can get past the Imperial sentry guards, find a scientific outpost, and blast its way to an antidote but, then again, who knows. Any other questions? No? Then all Blue Team operatives are free to leave. Captain Destri and I still have much to discuss.

Those Rebels on Blue Team start to exit. Bre grabs Endigo by the hand and pulls him out. Two-Tau follows. Admiral Mede goes over to Destri, Hulda, and Skatuhl.

MEDE
Before you go, Captain--

DESTRI
I want to stay and help you out here--

MEDE
Your job is to get Carplin into the *Adjudicator*.

HULDA CAULP
Bre was right about the hyperdrives, Admiral. We'll make it out sooner than expected.

MEDE
Just make it out. No one is really sure who is in the Minos Cluster. Enhanced hyperdrives or not, you still need to stay alert. You'll be out of range of anyone else in the Alliance.

DESTRI
Aye-aye, sir. Now—
(nodding to Loom Carplin)

--we'd better listen in, before he starts yelling or something.

Skatuhl gives a LOW GROWL of agreement.

MEDE
Commander Carplin is a good soldier, Destri. I should know. He gave me enough trouble when I served the Empire.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DANTOOINE – ON THE *OLO BLBA*

leaving the hangar of the *Atonement.*

HULDA CAULP (V.O.)
Astrogation's good.

DESTRI (V.O.)
Check. Navicomputer says we're clear all the way to the Cluster. On your mark.

INT. *OLO BLBA* – COCKPIT

Hulda and Destri are in the cockpit of the *Olo Blba*, along with Efdee, Loom Carplin, and a SpecForce Operative.

HULDA CAULP
Got the *Adjudicator*'s last known position on my screen, Captain.

MEDE (V.O.)
May the Force be with you.

BRE (V.O.)
Hulda, show Carplin what she'll do <u>now</u>.

Loom Carplin frowns.

HULDA CAULP
Roger that, sweetie. Mark.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DANTOOINE

The *Olo Blba* cuts all thrusters and engages its hyperdrives above Dantooine. The Corvette blasts OUT OF VIEW.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Admiral Mede looks out from the bridge of his destroyer into the empty void where the *Olo Blba* was, mere seconds ago.

His Technician looks up from a communications station.

TECHNICIAN
Sir, we have the General online. He says it’s urgent.

EXT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE - NIGHT

FLY WITH A TIE PATROL ACROSS the surface of the Unillian Moonbase, the domes and towers ignoring the darkness of the night as Nurstin’s rings throws their light onto the lunar surface.

INT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – SYSTEM ANALYSIS ROOM

Vader and Moff Par Lankin are in the Moonbase System Analysis Room, studying multiple monitors, each one showing a different Starfleet approach vector towards Chule.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Are you sure about this, Lord Vader?

VADER
The Emperor wants the Imperial Starfleet there in six days, Moff Par Lankin, not twelve.

Senator Antilles enters, escorted by ISB AGENT ONE. He takes up a reluctant position behind the Sith Lord so he can scan the monitors as well.

Moff Par Lankin steps in front of Vader as other ISB Agents enter.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
(whispering)
But our research could possibly yield an antidote to *Ty-Ruben* before that.

VADER
(ignoring the Moff)
Senator Antilles. I was just explaining to Par Lankin how the planetary bombardment of Chule shall commence ahead of schedule.

SENATOR ANTILLES
(startled)
What?!

VADER
The Senate has agreed to this decision already, Antilles. I wouldn't bother with Organa. He cannot save you.

SENATOR ANTILLES
Lord Vader, please be reasonable. This is madness. Hand over the antidote and I swear to you that I will support the Emperor in whatever other measures he decides to take up against the Bissillirus system.

VADER
There is no antidote, Senator. And there never will be.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
What?!

SENATOR ANTILLES
(aghast)
Vader, is this true? How could you--

VADER
Take him away. Make sure he cannot reach the Imperial Senate. He can leave after the Empire is finished with Chule.

ISB AGENT ONE

Yes, milord.

Antilles is forced to exit.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Lord Vader, could I have a word with you in private?

Vader motions for the ISB Agents still present to leave. As the door SWISHES shut, Lankin approaches Vader in a state of cold fury.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Lord Vader, I must warn you that your interference in Trax Sector must end.

VADER
'Must', Moff Par Lankin? My orders come directly from the Emperor. You will follow them, or you will be--

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Don't think you can intimidate me, Vader. Does the Emperor know of the ISB's operation here on Chule?

Vader stands silent except for the RASP of his breath mask.

MOFF PAR LANKIN (CONT'D)
I thought not. If I could, I would ban the lot of them from the entire Sector! This time they have gone too far.

VADER
Chule is the center of the rebellion in the Bissillirus system--

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Is this what the Security Bureau told you? The Rebellion has never established a foothold in Bissillirus. The local dissident organizations were penetrated top to bottom with my agents. They did nothing without my knowledge.
(gesturing to the monitors)

Until the ISB decided to take matters into its own hands, that is! Now most of my informants have gone over to the enemy in the face of this blatant provocation.

VADER
And these are the people to whom you entrusted the security of the Empire? You condemn your own policies.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
An entire world, destroyed for no reason! The most productive in the entire sector. Do you know how much Chule contributed to the Imperial coffers each year?

VADER
The Emperor cannot afford to think only of a single world, or a single system. He must consider the welfare of the whole galaxy. Chule will serve as a salutary example to all would-be traitors throughout the Empire.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
You really are insane, aren't you? All the stories are true. Sterilize Chule if you must, but there will be no more interference with my administration, or the Emperor will receive my report on this whole matter. Is this clear?

VADER
I will soon show you the full meaning of clarity, Moff Par Lankin.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – HANGAR BAY

Chori Bre guides a TIE Bomber back into place along the ceiling racks. The wing clamps under the rack SNAP into place on either side of the Bomber's cockpit.

Bre types something into a control panel and gives a thumbs up to the pilot inside. Endigo enters.

BRE
(into the panel)
Refueling her now, Selko.

ENDIGO
Hey.

BRE
Betcha hate this part.

ENDIGO
Waiting? Yeah. ‘Blue Team.’

BRE
‘Knows his stuff,’ remember?

ENDIGO
(beat)
Bre.

BRE
Hm?

ENDIGO
Say this was my last job for the Rebellion.

BRE
(turning to leave)
Not listening.

ENDIGO
Wait. I mean it. Hulda and I, we’ll have enough after this to buy a—

BRE
(turning back)
An excuse?

ENDIGO
What are you talking about? Look.

BRE
(pointing)
No, you look. I fought my way here, Shen Endigo. Someone like me, they

don't get calls in the middle of the night from Senators or crimelords or affronted businessmen with hyperbarides to spare--

ENDIGO
(interrupting)
Well, you could.

BRE
Um, what? No. What?

ENDIGO
I want you to come with me.
(beat)
I like you.

Bre's mouth opens, then shuts. She looks baffled, then amused, then nervous. She comes closer.

BRE
Like-me-wanna-kiss-me like me?

ENDIGO
Well, yeah. I think we might—
(listening to his transceiver ear)
Damn. It's Mede.

Bre doesn't know what to do, and Endigo can't read her face: she's either relieved or disappointed or just too excitable to keeps things straight. She runs from the bay.

BRE
Let's go!

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - BRIDGE

The turbolift elevator doors to the *Atonement*'s bridge SWISH open. Bre and Endigo enter. Admiral Mede holds up a finger to keep them from speaking. He is watching a MONOCHROME GREEN signal feed from a monitor in the vidscreen kiosk, DISTORTED images of the Aj^6 Engineer and the Draenell's Point Med Lab.

AJ^6 ENGINEER

They’re coming to delete the research
our network, but I still have it.
(points to his brain interface)
I need to find a transport as soon as--

The monitor suffers a WHITE OUT. The transmission clears, but now the Aj^6 Engineer is on the floor of the Med Lab, crawling away wounded, the broken cord trailing from his head. Another scientist runs by the screen and is blasted, followed by another brief WHITE OUT. When the transmission clears this time, the Aj^6 Engineer has squeezed into the bottom housing of a medical cabinet. Black vacsuited ISB Agents appear BLASTING away at other scientist off-screen. The ISB Agents do not take notice of the hidden Aj^6 Engineer. ISB Agent One then looks into the camera directly at Mede and company. The Agent BARKS A GARBLED COMMAND and blasts the camera. BLACK OUT. Mede turns to Endigo and Bre.

MEDE
(beat)
ISB Agents.

MADINE (V.O.)
He said Draenell’s Point.

BRE
We should get moving.

MEDE
Suggestions, General?

MADINE (V.O.)
You can’t take the *Atonement* in there.
The system is too heavily guarded.
And we have no ships down here they
wouldn’t recognize.

ENDIGO
We could call Ninx. Or Rendarr.

BRE
That’d take too long. Our Shuttle?

MEDE
Hulda never wiped its signature. You’d
be spotted.

BRE
I got it!

Bre runs to the turbolift elevator.

ENDIGO
What’s your plan?

BRE
On the way already!

The elevator doors SWISH open.

MEDE
Listen to Officer Bre, Mr. Endigo. Get moving.

INT. CRAMPED BAY

Bre and Endigo are in the bay of an unknown vessel, cramped in near-complete darkness, shaking steadily. A LOUD DULL WHINE comes from the vessel’s engines. The side-lights of Bre’s goggles provide the only illumination in the bay. She is squeezed between two curved pylons, smiling excitedly, holding herself steady against the shaking. Endigo almost can’t fit at all.

ENDIGO
(trying to budge an arm)
Dumb.

Bre tries to shrug her shoulders. Endigo manages to reach up and press a button near his shoulder. A POP AND THE SOUND OF A SMALL AIR RELEASE, and then he removes his cybernetic arm. Bre’s eyes go wide.

ENDIGO (CONT’D)
Shut up and help me with the other one.

EXT. SPACE - UNKNOWN SECTOR

A TIE Bomber WHINES through the silence of an unknown sector of space.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Mede and his Technician watch a SMALL RED BLIP on the communications station tactical grid.

TECHNICIAN
It might work. It's small enough. What's one more bomber in the middle of half the Imperial Starfleet, right?

Mede exits. His Technician doesn't notice.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Of course, without a hyperdrive, it'll be a <u>long</u> trip.

FADE OUT.

<u>END OF ACT THREE</u>

<u>ACT FOUR</u>

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – BISSILLIRIUS SYSTEM – ON TIE BOMBER

as it closes in on Draenell's Point.

TIE BOMBER SELKO (V.O.)
Almost there, Bre. Not like we got the fuel, but I'm going to approach Draenell's Point the long way. We want to avoid its moon. Getting heavy fleet readings from that side.

INT. CRAMPED BOMBER BAY

Endigo sits cross-legged and armless. Bre is straining to check some cargo in the dark recesses of the bay.

BRE
Roger that, Selko. Madine's just sent us the coordinates of the med lab we're after.

TIE BOMBER SELKO (V.O.)
Yeah, and it's on the side I want it on. For at least twelve hours, that is. Then we got a moon to watch out for again.

BRE
Plenty of time to get our guy out.

TIE BOMBER SELKO (V.O.)
Don't forget that I can't actually land this thing. Unless this med lab has a TIE Bomber rack for no reason.

BRE
We're prepared, Selko. Just tell us when to drop.

TIE BOMBER SELKO (V.O.)
Draenell's Point is on my scope. Get suited.

ENDIGO
Leg's asleep.

BRE
(smiling)
Should get, you know, a cybernetic one.

An ALERT goes off.

TIE BOMBER SELKO (V.O.)
Imperial fighters on my scope now, too.

BRE
How close are we?

TIE FIGHTER PILOT (V.O.)
She's not one of ours, Commander.

LASERFIRE IS HEARD outside.

TIE BOMBER SELKO (V.O.)
What, to them?

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT - UPPER ATMOSPHERE - DAY

Selko tries to dodge incoming laser fire from the three TIE Fighters chasing him. Selko's TIE Bomber takes a direct hit, its right shield wing trailing smoke.

TIE BOMBER SELKO (V.O. – CONT'D)
Real close to them.

INT. CRAMPED BOMBER BAY

Bre and Endigo, arms now on, are quickly putting on FILTER MASKS as they open the bay doors of the TIE Bomber. A ROAR OF WIND blocks out all other sounds. The yellow, rugged surface of Draenell's Point is a blur beneath them. Bre reaches into the back of the bay as Endigo YELLS, one hand to his transceiver ear.

ENDIGO
We're dropping, Selko, get out of here!

He listens for a split-second and then shakes his head. Bre hefts a heavy MERRSONN PLX2 PORTABLE MISSILE LAUNCHER over to Endigo. Endigo grabs it and motions for Bre to jump.

ENDIGO (CONT'D)
Go! We'll find it!

Multiple laser blasts scorch the surface beneath them, missing the Bomber. Bre hesitates.

ENDIGO (CONT'D)
Come on! You can do it!

Bre takes a deep breath, nods quickly, and grabs their jetpacks out of the back of the bay.

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT – LOWER ATMOSPHERE - DAY

FOLLOWING SELKO'S BOMBER as Endigo and Bre drop from its bomb bays into the lower atmosphere of Draenell's Point. Selko pull a hard vertical loop, the TIE Fighters firing into his arc. Selko's Bomber isn't fast enough. Endigo and Bre hit their jetpack thrusters and rocket away, leaving the EXPLOSION far behind.

FOLLOWING ABOVE THEM as they skim the golden hills of Draenell's Point, rising and falling with the surface. A TIE Fighter DROPS INTO VIEW, blasting down at them. Endigo veers away.

Bre zig-zags through EXPLOSIONS. One blast is particularly close, and she holds up her arms across her face against the rising rock fragments blown up from the surface.

PAN UP to see the TIE Fighter SCREAMING over her head, speeding OUT OF VIEW.

TRACK WITH THE TIE FIGHTER as it loops around for another volley. Bre is turning as well, heading into a shadowy canyon. The TIE Fighter follows, blasting away, missing and hitting the canyon walls. Endigo drops from the sky directly in front of the TIE. He's aiming at the starfighter with the PLX2 missile launcher resting on his shoulder. He dips down again slightly as the TIE Fighter SCREAMS past, losing his shot.

TURN WITH ENDIGO, hovering with his jetpack, taking aim again. A KEENING SOUND as he launches two missiles, which go straight for the Imperial fighter's Ion Engines.

The missiles EXPLODE on impact, the TIE Fighter spinning out of control and BURSTING INTO A TRAIL OF FLAME across the edge of the canyon. Endigo hits his thrusters and rockets into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SURFACE OF DRAENELL'S POINT – VALLEY - NIGHT

Endigo and Bre lay on the side of a valley, the Unillian moon bright above them in the night sky. Endigo scans the jetpack.

ON JETPACK, showing a GLOWING RED READOUT dimming quickly.

BACK TO ENDIGO, who shakes the jetpack and then tosses it away. Then he pulls out a portable sensor array. He turns it to the north and it starts BEEPING. He slides the sensor array antenna back in. Bre is unconscious, breathing shallowly, each breath showing in the nighttime chill. Endigo kneels beside her and closes his eyes. He reaches over slowly and puts his metal fingers to her forehead. Nothing. He concentrates harder, using the Force, but Bre doesn't respond. Endigo sighs, gets up, and lifts her into his arms. He starts climbing out of the valley, headed north.

PAN UP to the moon above.

EXT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Unillian Moonbase, the night swallowed whole by the brightness of Nurstin's rings.

INT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – SYSTEM ANALYSIS ROOM

Moff Par Lankin, Vader, Senator Antilles, TK-299, ISB Agent One, and several Imperial Officers watch the multiple monitors along the walls of the System Analysis Room. Each monitor displays a segment of the Imperial Starships converging on Chule.

VADER
Clear enough for you, Moff Par Lankin?

Moff Par Lankin is silent. Some of his Officers exit in disgust. Senator Antilles is trembling with rage.

ISB AGENT ONE
We are closing in on Endigo's location on the planet below, milord. We believe he is making for the med lab we destroyed last week. Do you want him alive?

VADER
That will not be necessary, Commander. When you find him, your men may fire at will.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE CHULE

Countless Imperial Starships surround the planet of Chule on all sides: Star Destroyers, Dreadnaughts, *Carrack*-class Heavy Cruisers, Nebulon-B Frigates, Skipray Blastboats, and *Gamma*-class Assault Shuttles.
As the Blastboats and Assault Shuttles descend towards the surface of Chule to intercept any escaping vessels, the capital ships open fire on the planet. Each blast is followed by a THUNDERING ECHO.

Sections of the planet's atmosphere LIGHT UP BRIGHTLY and then fade. The Imperial Starships fire again and again, seemingly forever.

SONIC BOOMS erupt from the planet's surface as the cloud layer of Chule starts to BURN.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS

Mede stands near his synthe-teak shelves, spinning the brass orbs of a miniature planetary system mobile. Behind him, on his desk's vidscreen, the bombardment of Chule plays out silently.

MADINE (V.O.)
Are you watching this, Mede?

MEDE
I stopped awhile back, General. I'm sure nothing has changed.

MADINE (V.O.)
We've also lost contact with the *Olo Blba*.

MEDE
About three hours ago. They've moved beyond the galactic map. Thank you anyway, General.

EXT. SURFACE OF DRAENELL'S POINT – RIDGE - NIGHT

Bre, conscious now but still a little wobbly, overlooks a vast darkness with Endigo. She has her macrobinoculars out.

MACROBINOCULAR POV: The dome-shaped med lab is unguarded. One of its blast doors has exploded inward with a section of the surrounding wall, exposing the lobby. Outside, behind a perimeter fence, is a plasticrete landspeeder lot. A few, blaster-ridden bodies.

BACK to the ridge. Endigo has his sensor array out.

BRE
ISB didn't even bother cleaning up the bodies.

ENDIGO
I get no life form readings. If our man is still down there, he's not breathing.

BRE
A few speeders look to be in working order. Nothing spaceworthy, though.

ENDIGO
Let's go. We'll have to look elsewhere to get off this rock.

Endigo starts down the ridge. Bre takes a final look through her macrobinoculars and then starts down herself, towards the med lab in the valley far below.

INT. MED LAB – NIGHT

Bre enters the med lab with a GLOW ROD out. She quickly pulls out her filter mask.

BRE
Smells awful in here.

Endigo enters with his back to her, Missile Launcher out, watching the darkness outside.

ENDIGO

We should hurry it up. That guy was hiding in a medical cabinet or something.

BRE
Looks like they got rid of any virus samples.

Bre walks over bodies and overturned shelves until she find the medical cabinet.
She hesitates for a second, takes a deep breath, and opens it. The Aj^6 Engineer falls out. Bre shudders. She rips the broken cord out of the brain-interface computer around the cyborg's head. She throws the cord across the room, where it BREAKS some glass vials.

Endigo spins around. Bre looks back and holds up a hand.

BRE(CONT'D)
Sorry. Found him. Dead. Looks like he took flak damage or something.

ENDIGO
What about his interface?

Bre moves her hand across it and then CLICKS it on. A SMALL SERIES OF LIGHTS APPEAR across the brain-interface computer.

BRE
Still functional. Know how to get one of these off?

Endigo's lightsaber ignites.

ENDIGO
Sure.

BRE
No way. Lemme look at this thing.
(studying it)
Fine. Standard Biotech temple socket. Seen these.

Endigo turns his lightsaber off and returns to the ruined doorway.

Bre spins the Aj^6's Engineer's temple socket, which WHIRRS around and CLICKS into place. She lifts the cyborg's head slightly and removes the brain-interface computer, a SUCKING SOUND.

BRE (CONT'D)
This is making me sick.

A blaster fires.

Endigo crashes to the floor, his metal chest armor fragmented. He doesn't move.

Bre stands up before she thinks. Another blast hits the medical cabinet beside her.

Bre throws the glow rod over to the other side of the lab. Blaster shots follow its light. Bre pockets the brain-interface and ducks down, crawling towards Endigo. She looks outside.

ISB Agents are approaching in the darkness.

BRE (CONT'D)
Shen, get up.

Something CLATTERS into the med lab from outside.

Bre looks over to see a flash bomb. She covers her eyes as it EXPLODES.

WHITE OUT.

INT. *OLO BLBA* – COCKPIT - HYPERSPACE

Hulda and Destri are asleep in the cockpit as the Corvette travels through the BLUE-WHITE CORRIDOR of hyperspace.

A BEEPING WARNING SENSOR stirs Hulda awake. He hits Destri on the shoulder. She yawns and opens her eyes, looking around her at the emptiness outside.

HULDA CAULP
Captain, Commander. We're there. Minos Cluster.

DESTRI
(into a comlink)
Red Team, prepare for realspace entry.

Outside the corridor vanishes into strings of light, which suddenly snap into stars.

HULDA CAULP
Jamming frequencies on in a sec.

LOOM CARPLIN
Pull up a sector grid. It's not going to help much with our jammers on, but we'll get a readout of some kind.

Destri studies the sector grid on the control dash. She points to something.

DESTRI
Head for this stable asteroid field. We'll hide out there until Bundim's X-Wings fall out.

A different warning sensor interrupts Captain Destri, BLARING LOUDLY.

HULDA CAULP
Oh no.

LOOM CARPLIN
How could they have known?

DESTRI
Maybe it was a trap. Maybe there <u>weren't</u> any dissidents.

LOOM CARPLIN
I doubt that, Captain. SpecForce contacts were tight about this one. Perhaps a hypermass receptor or--

The cockpit of the *Olo Blba* begins to SHUDDER.

HULDA CAULP
I have a bad feeling about this.

A shadow falls across the interior of the cockpit. Hulda frantically starts checking over the sector grid.

DESTRI
I don’t have a visual, Hulda. Cut the jamming frequency and bring our scopes fully online.

LOOM CARPLIN
(pointing up)
There’s your visual.

Filling the viewports directly above them is the wedge-shaped nose of an *Imperial*--class Star Destroyer.

EXT. SPACE – MINOS CLUSTER

Outside in the silence of the Minos Cluster, the Star Destroyer *Adjudicator* looms over the Corellian Corvette.

STAR DESTROYER CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Unknown vessel, this is the Imperial Star Destroyer *Adjudicator*, demanding your immediate surrender. Power down and prepare for boarding. Do not attempt to engage your sublight engines or we will be forced to fire.

IRIS OUT.

TITLE CARD
To be continued....

THE END